Stay you good Gentlewoman, looke you pale miſtriſſe?
Doe you perceiue the ieaſtures of her eye?
Nay, an you ſtirre, we ſhall haue more anon:
Behold her well I pray you, looke vpon her,
Doe you ſee Gentlemen? nay guiltineſſe
Will ſpeake, though tongues were out of vſe. *Enter* Emi.

Em. 'Las what's the matter? what's the matter husband?

Iag. *Caſsio* has here bin ſet on in the darke,
By *Roderigo*, and fellowes that are ſcap't,
Hee's almoſt ſlaine, and *Roderigo* dead.

Em. Alas good gentleman, alas good *Caſsio*.

Iag. This is the fruite of whoring; prithee *Emillia*,
Goe know of *Caſsio* where he ſupt to night:
What, doe you ſhake at that?

Bia. He ſupt at my houſe, but I therefore ſhake not.

Iag. O did he ſo, I charge you goe with me.

Em. Fie vpon thee ſtrumpet.

Bia. I am no ſtrumpet, but of life as honeſt,
As you, that thus abuſe me.

Em. As I; now fie vpon thee.

Iag. Kind Gentlemen, let's goe ſee poore *Caſsio* dreſt;
Come miſtreſſe, you muſt tell's another tale.
Emillia, runne you to the Cittadell,
And tell my Lord and Lady what has hapt:
Will you goe on? I pray: This is the night,
That either makes me, or foredoes me quite.

Exeunt.

Enter Othello *with a light, and* Deſdemona *in her bed.*

Oth. It is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoule,
Let me not name it to you, you chaſte ſtarres:
It is the cauſe, yet I le not ſhed her blood,
Nor ſcarre that whiter skin of hers then ſnow,
And ſmooth as monumentall alablaſter;
Yet ſhe muſt dye, elſe ſhee'l betray more men,
Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming miniſter,
I can againe thy former light reſtore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thine,

Thou

Thou cunningſt patterne of excelling nature,
I know not where is that promethian heate,
That can thy light relumine: when I haue pluckt the roſe,
I cannot giue it vitall growth againe,
It muſt needs wither; I le ſmell it on the tree; *kiſſes her.*
A balmy breath, that doth almoſt perſwade
Iuſtice her ſelfe to breake her ſword: one more;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And loue thee after: one more, and this the laſt:
So ſweet was ne're ſo fatall: I muſt weepe,
But they are cruell teares: this ſorrow's heauenly,
It ſtrikes where it does loue: ſhe wakes.

Deſ. Who's there? *Othello?*

Oth. I, *Deſdemona.*

Deſ. Will you come to bed my Lord?

Oth. Haue you prayed to night, *Deſdemona?*

Deſ. I my Lord.

Oth. If you bethinke your ſelfe of any crime,
Vnreconcil'd as yet to heauen and grace,
Solicite for it ſtraite.

Deſ. Alas my Lord, what doe you meane by that?

Oth. Well, doe it, and be briefe, I will walke by,
I would not kill thy vnprepared ſpirit,
No, heauen fore-fend, I would not kill thy ſoule.

Deſ. Talke you of killing?

Oth. I, I doe.

Deſ. Then heauen haue mercy on me.

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

Deſ. If you ſay ſo, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum.

Deſ. And yet I feare you, for y'are fatall then,
When your eyes roule ſo: why I ſhould feare, I know not,
Since guiltineſſe I know not, but yet I feele I feare.

Oth. Thinke on thy ſinnes.

Deſ. They are loues I beare to you.

Oth. And for that thou dieſt.

Deſ. That deathe's vnnaturall, that kills for louing;
Alas, why knaw you ſo your neather lip:

Some

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